

## ACCUSED OF ROBBERY.

The locomotive whistled, bells rang, the train rushed into the station, doors opened, passengers alighted and went their various ways and Monsieur Czato alone remained. He stood at the window of his carriage, looking at the passengers, but paying no attention to the guards who offered him their services; his cravat hung untied, his coat and vest were unbuttoned and his mouth was open as though he had been unable to close it since a cry of astonishment had escaped him. Gradually Monsieur Czato recovered himself sufficiently to call the station master, who, when he arrived, did not regard with a favorable eye the stout, dusty figure at the window.

"Be good enough to get out, sir, said he, authoritatively. "The train goes no further."

"No, I shall not," said the traveler, "until you bear witness to—"

"What?" cried the station master, impatiently.

"That I have been robbed."

"Impossible," cried the other.

"Alas! only too possible," said M. Czato, placing his hand at his back. "It is no longer there."

"What is no longer there?"

"The leather case," said M. Czato with a sigh. "It has disappeared with 10,000 florins it contained."

"Where? When?"

"Ah, if only knew. The money did not belong to me; I was taking it to my employer and I owe it to my reputation, on which up to the present time there has been no stain, to refuse to leave this carriage until the robbery of which I am the victim has been officially recorded. I beg that you shall summon a commissary of police and two witnesses."

"Very well, sir, if you insist upon it," said the station master, whose interest was increasing. "I shall be pleased to act as witness and my assistant, whom you see standing there, will be the second, and luckily enough here comes the commissary. Tell him the facts in your case, sir."

Czato in his excitement, leaned so far out of the carriage window that a somersault to the ground seemed a not remote possibility.

"Your name, sir?" was the commissary's first question, when he understood what was required of him.

"I am called Bernard Czato and I am steward upon the estate of his honor, Monsieur Dionys Saragiqui. Yesterday evening—"

"Your age?" interrupted the police officer.

"I was 56 last St. George's day. Yesterday evening—"

"Religion?" cried the officer.

"Roman Catholic," said Czato, with a sigh, thinking it very hard that he was not allowed to tell his own story, his own way.

"Married or single?"

"Last year we had our silver wedding. As I was saying, yesterday evening—"

"Have you any children?"

"Heaven has not bestowed her gifts upon us."

"What has been stolen from you?"

"Yesterday evening," said Czato, his voice trembling, "as we were at dinner (and a fine dinner it was, with no scarcity of the best wine, for we were celebrating with some friends my wife's birthday), I received a telegram from his lordship telling me he needed 10,000 florins immediately. I read the telegram, and passing it to my wife said: 'I shall take the money myself to his lordship, for I have some business matters to communicate to him.'"

"Very well," said my wife; "but take good care of yourself and do not lose the money."

"Do not fear, my love," I answered. "We will put the money in my leather case, and I will fasten it on my back."

"Do not bind it too tight then," said my wife, "for you have eaten too much and drank too much good wine, and the pressure might do you harm."

"We arose from the table and I went into my office with the cashier, who was one of our party. We went into the strong-room, into which even the cashier only enters when he has need of a large sum. We took ten bank-notes of 1,000 florins each and put them one by one into the case. Then I undressed, tied the leather case upon my back, and dressed again. I shook hands with the cashier, kissed my wife, and drove to the railway station with two servants, who sang songs on the road to frighten robbers away. At the station I engaged a private compartment, so as to escape the risk of falling into bad company. One of my servants carried my valise, and they both assisted me into the railway carriage, wishing me a good journey as the train moved away."

"At last you are off," said the officer, who had been mentally writhing under the tortures of Monsieur Czato's details.

"So I said to myself at the time," said the traveler, calmly. "I lay down on the cushion and fell asleep, and only woke up as we entered the station here. I felt for my leather case and it was no longer on my back. I had been robbed."

"When did you go to sleep?" asked the station master.

"As soon as the train started, I believe."

"What makes you think so?"

"I heard the name of no station

"Did you awaken during the journey?"

"I don't remember having done so."

"No one touched or came near you?"

"No one; but now I think of it, I recall a sensation as though a strong draught had blown upon me."

"Where did the draught come from?"

"From the window, probably."

"Why didn't you close the window if you do not like draughts?"

"I remember, and my servants can testify, that I did close both windows and lowered the curtains as the train started. Upon arriving here, both curtains and windows were still closed."

"How then could the draught have been caused?"

"By the robber when he opened the door."

Then poor Monsieur Czato, with the aid of the two witnesses, turned over every article of his valise, lifted up the carriage cushions, undressed and redressed himself, lay on his stomach looking under the seats, but all in vain; nothing was found.

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the officer at last.

"Suspect! Merciful heavens, I have no idea. The windows were closed and I was alone."

"Hail!" cried the officer, striking his forehead triumphantly. "I can put my finger on the robber."

"You can? Who is he?"

"The conductor."

"Impossible," cried the station master.

"Nothing is impossible when money is stolen," cried the officer. "Let the fellow he brought here."

It was quickly done, for he was still on the platform and he became as pale as death when the officer said to him as he put his hand on his shoulder:

"Where are the 1,000 florins you have stolen?"

"I know nothing about them," the conductor answered, trembling; his teeth chattered; his knees shook. "I am innocent."

"So all thieves say," replied the officer. "You will have to come with me. The judge will take care of your case."

"But," remonstrated the station master, "this man's conduct has always been exemplary."

"Exemplary conduct counts for nothing in a case of stolen money," said the officer. "March on, my friend."

"But first these witnesses must sign their testimony that I have been robbed, or I shall not leave the carriage," said Monsieur Czato.

Light came to the officer's brain; not releasing his hold of the conductor, he grasped Monsieur Czato who, owing to his weight and the unexpectedness of the invitation to alight, almost fell out on the platform, but the officer's grasp did not relax.

"And you also must come with me," said he.

"I am willing; but release me," gasped M. Czato, somewhat astonished at the turn things were taking.

"Robbers should not be released."

"Robbers, not but I am not a robber."

"You may tell that to the judge."

"But I assure you that I have been robbed."

"Did the money belong to you?" asked the officer, smiling confidentially.

"No; I have already told you it belonged to—"

"With money belonging to others in the case there are no honest men. Come, my friends, time presses; let us be off."

Mathias Heveder was a judge with modern ideas. In all branches of his judicial career he was governed by fixed principles; he believed in utilizing the experience of foreign countries and would occasionally remark:

"The Frenchmen say when facing a mysterious crime. 'Look for the woman! I go further; I say, 'Find the woman! and I will find her," said he, referring to the Czato case, "for every crime has a woman into it, and as yet, I have never failed to find her."

He began by placing Czato and the conductor in solitary confinement of the strictest kind. It was in vain that Czato begged him, with tears in his eyes, at least to notify his employer who was waiting the 10,000 florins and who would certainly misinterpret his steward's silence.

"A woman is mixed up in the affair," said M. Heveder to himself; "that is certain, without doubt, in connection with the guilty man, whichever he may be. It appears from the statement of Bernard Czato that he is a married man. I have telegraphed orders to have his wife arrested and brought here, and I shall have her at hand to-morrow. Since the conductor is not married, perhaps he has a mistress. If we can discover her we shall have the two women, one of whom is necessary to the solution of the problem."

He studied the dispatches received from all the stations of the line, but only two of them especially attracted his attention. From one he learned that a switchman, as the train rushed by, had seen a woman's hand thrust out of the window of a second-class carriage and had seen some dark object fall from it, he had even searched for the object, but had found nothing in the long grass. The second telegram was of a still more serious nature. Another switchman had noticed the conductor, as the train was

lying along at full speed, talking with a woman who was leaning out of a third-class carriage; the witness had even remarked that some object passed from one to the other, but was not sure whether the woman handed something to the conductor, or the conductor something to the woman.

"The case is clear," cried M. Heveder, victoriously. "Czato is guilty or the conductor is guilty. If the conductor, his accomplice is the unknown woman with whom he was seen talking, and at the moment the switchman's eyes were upon him he handed her the leather case. We must find the woman. If on the other hand Czato is the culprit, he gave the money either to his wife or some other woman and then cleverly played the role of an injured man to divert suspicion from himself. In this case his accomplice is the woman who was observed to throw something from the window; the something was the leather case—empty."

M. Heveder sent for the conductor and said to him abruptly, "Where does your mistress live?"

The man, taken by surprise and frightened, colored, but answered, giving the name and address. Her name was Lotti, and she was a maid-servant, employed by Mr. Adolf Rosenstock, in the street of the Three Drums at Pesth. M. Heveder was vigorous and prompt. Miss Lotti was arrested and brought before him at the earliest possible moment. The officer in whose charge she came had searched her room and found in a drawer 7 florins, 25 kreutzers which he had confiscated.

"Very well," said the magistrate, and as the officer retired he turned to the trembling Lotti, and looking at her steadily, asked:

"Where is the rest?"

"I kiss your hand," said Lotti, crying; "what rest?"

"The 9,992 florins, 75 kreutzers," said the judge.

"Your honor, I do not understand," she said, sobbing.

"Then you refuse to confess! Very well, I will refresh your memory. Where did you come from this morning?"

"From my native village. I went to see my father."

"And what was your conversation with the conductor about?"

"My God!" cried Miss Lotti, burying her face in her hands.

"I know all," continued the judge.

"I am not to blame," cried Lotti; "he has promised to marry me."

"And where did you hide the money?"

"What money?"

"The stolen money," cried the judge, impatiently speaking louder.

"Has he stolen, the monster? He who told me he was saving, and that we could get married as soon as he had 100 florins?"

"I care nothing about all that. Do not try to deceive me, it is useless," said Heveder, furiously. "Where are the 10,000 florins?"

"I am innocent; I know nothing," sobbed poor Lotti. "I only talked with the conductor."

"And what did you give him?"

"A kiss, sir, that is all."

"Indeed? We shall see if to-morrow it will still be a kiss, and until then, you will remain in prison."

The wretched girl was led away sobbing and Czato's wife, who, unknown to her husband, had in the meantime arrived, was brought before the judge. She was a large woman with large features, large feet and hands and strong lungs. Among a hundred other questions she asked the judge without giving him any opportunity to answer one had his most earnest desire been to do so, she wanted to know why she had been brought there, how he dared to treat an honest woman so and what he meant by it? Perhaps he fancied he was in Russia.

"I beg you to be seated," said the judge at last, "and to prepare yourself, for I have terrible news to break to you. Your husband is not true to you!"

"What!" cried the wife, "he deceives me?"

"Yes, indeed," said the judge, "and he has done so for a long time past."

"It is impossible. Last year we had our silver wedding. Oh, it is impossible—false—it can't be."

"But it is, madam. Your husband left yesterday with his mistress, taking with him the 10,000 florins which he should have carried to his employer."

"The 10,000 florins! But he never took them!"

"What?" thundered the judge.

"He left them in the strong room. He drank a little more that evening than was necessary to quench his thirst and he forgot the leather case. The next day the cashier discovered the oversight and telegraphed Dionys Saragiqui."

"Very possible. You have only to ask his lordship if you don't believe it. Perhaps that would have been a wise thing to do in the first place," said Madam Czato.

The belief flashed upon M. Heveder that he had unjustly accused two women and two men, but he took the precaution to telegraph to Dionys Saragiqui, who confirmed Madam Czato's statement. Then the victims of a robbery that had never taken place were restored to liberty.

"However," said the judge, looking out of the window as he saw them walking away, "my system is excellent. Find the woman. She is the key that

unlocks secrets. I did find her and the mysterious robbery of the Agrad line was immediately cleared up."—Adapted from the Hungarian by W. M. Taber in New York Mercury.

### Confucius and His Believers.

Confucius lived 500 years before Christ, and his teachings and precepts from the Chinese Bible held worldly advancement of little account and sought to attain rather the moral than the material elevation of mankind. Even now few Chinese will admit that the European standard of morality is equal to their own. Christianity they consider to be a good enough religion in as far as, like Buddhism and other native cults, it teaches men to do good, but they can not see that in practice it has made much impression upon the nations of Europe.

Their own country has seldom waged an offensive war, while all Europe appears to them an armed encampment. England prides herself upon her religion and her big ships of war; France sends her missionaries far into the interior, and her torpedo boats cruise round the coast and sink all the unoffending junks that come in their way. This is, of course, the unfavorable side of European character as it presents itself to the ordinary Chinaman.—Nineteenth Century.

### Elephants for the Circus.

The best elephants for circus purposes are those from Ceylon. They have little or no tusks, and are much more docile and intelligent than the highland elephant of India or even Africa. The Indian highland or "tusker" elephant is very intractable, and, after he arrives at a certain age, is apt to be treacherous and ugly. "After they arrive at the age of 25," said Professor Newman, "look out for them. Albert, who was one of the finest we ever had, killed a man in one of his fits of rage, and had to be slain himself. I regard the elephant as the most intelligent animal there is. They are remarkably easy to handle, have great intelligence, and possess affections and, I sometimes believe, sensibilities. Even the dullest will astonish us sometimes. I will labor with one of them for weeks, till I am nearly discouraged, trying to teach him a trick; suddenly, when you least expect it, he will turn in and do it exactly as you desired."—Chicago News.

Dr. Oppler, of Strasburg, considers pulverized roasted coffee a superior antiseptic for surgical dressings.

### A DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION.

Types of Paretic Dementia—Development of Symptoms—Peculiarities.

Paretic dementia differs from ordinary forms of insanity in that it is constantly associated with organic diseases of the brain or spinal cord, or both. There are consequently two types—cerebral, or "descending," and spinal, or "ascending"—both of which may afflict at the same time the same person, acting together to deepen his mental gloom and hasten him into his grave.

As almost nothing is known concerning this disease by the general public, and as even the average practitioner is woefully in the dark, a description of the symptoms and the progress of the disease will doubtless prove important as well as interesting. The three stages of the disease may be thus classified: 1. Mental and moral deterioration and other changes of character. 2. Exalted delusions. 3. Progressing mental and physical failure. All these cases are not sufficiently well marked to justify these discriminations, but typical cases always have a well-marked preliminary or incubatory period. Physically, the subjects of paretic dementia are generally in good condition; there is little or no wear and tear of the body through mental influence; they sleep well and they usually get fat.

The development of the symptoms is very insidious, and usually covers a period of from one to four years. Cases have been reported, however, where an ordinary lifetime was not sufficient to get the patient beyond the preliminary stage. The symptoms of spinal affection are chiefly pains in the lower extremities, double sciatica, color blindness, belt-like sensations in various parts of the body (particularly the head), double vision, etc. The same symptoms may exist in cerebral paresis, but the principal characteristic is a sudden change of character. The modest man becomes boastful, the rich man prodigal, the careful man reckless, the honorable man a thief and the moral man a debauchee. It is in such stages that designing men and speculating women have preyed upon rare game, which would have been far beyond their reach but for the mental blight that had fallen upon their victims. Wealthy, respectable fathers of families have been known to commit bigamy under such influences, forgetting at the time that they were already married.

The paretic's memory, judgment, morality, will and power of application are weakened from the first. The business man becomes reckless or negligent, and the good father or husband cruel and indifferent. The sufferer is so absent-minded that he can not repeat the last sentence uttered to him, or tell what was being talked about, or of what he was thinking at the time. Morbid irritability about trifles is conspicuous. It is related of one man that he

threw a knife at a servant who removed his plate before he had quite finished eating, yet heard with apparent apathy a short time afterward of a catastrophe involving a loss to him of over \$100,000. In this stage men are generous, "jolly good fellows" with boon companions, but cruel, tyrannical, unjust and parsimonious within the family circle. Such men have abused their wives for calling in a physician to prescribe for them, yet uttered no protest whatever against being taken to an asylum. They are choleric about petty affairs, phlegmatic at important turning-points in their careers, and sanguine about, though easily diverted from carrying out their purposes. They develop suicidal tendencies, but rarely perform the act of self-destruction. While memory, will, moral and emotional balance are thus tottering, physical and alcoholic excesses are indulged in to an extent which quickly precipitates more serious phases of the disease. Remonstrance leads to outbreak, the intervention of the police to violent physical conflict, and the patient lands in an asylum.

Among the first physical symptoms is a trembling of the lips and a difficulty in moving the tongue while speaking. The patient finds it difficult to utter explosive or hissing sounds, and the longer the word the greater the difficulty encountered. The labials and dentals—P. B. M. T. D.—are the severest tests. Such words as "truly rural" and "Peregrine Pickle" are almost unrecognizable to the ear. Later, whole syllables are suppressed. The voices of good singers become reedy and cracked, but their good opinion of their own performances increases. The organs of sight, hearing, taste and smell exhibit similar deterioration; indeed, the total or partial loss of smell is regarded as one of the most positive indications of general paresis in the earlier stages. There is a twitching of the facial muscles and a trembling of the hands. The "characteristic paretic gait" then becomes manifest. The walk of a patient becomes less steady and regular, and it is difficult for him to stand erect with the eyes closed and the feet close together; then, in some cases, it is difficult for him to stand thus even when the eyes are open. The feet are thrown wide apart to increase the base of support, they are lifted high and come down with a jerk, the heel striking the ground first with a "flop." The expert dancer or skater loses his pedal accomplishments.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Does Drinking Water Reduce Obesity?

It has been a matter of extensive belief in France that the drinking of water in considerable quantities has a tendency to reduce obesity, by increasing the activity of oxidations in the system, and favoring the burning away of accumulated fat. The error of this idea has just been shown by Dr. Debove, who has proven that the quantity of water taken has no influence on nutrition or body weight so long as the solid diet remains unchanged.—Boston Budget.

### A Paper Cutter.

"La Vitesse" is the name of a paper cutter recently invented in France, which will cut flat papers on four sides at once, blank books on three sides, and two bundles at a time.—Chicago Herald.

### Russian Music in Minor Keys.

The Russian popular airs are noticeable—as are those of Norway, Finland, and of Hungary—for being mostly in minor keys; other European nations having favored the major mode—the Germans so much so, indeed, that there are only 3 per cent. of minor tunes among their folkslieder. That the minor keys lend themselves readily to the expression of either the abandonment of grief or of joy, according to the rate of movement with which they are associated, is a commonplace of musical aesthetics. Karamzin attributed this melancholy in Russian music to the sufferings of Russia under the Mongolian yoke; writers of the school of M. Taine would point to the landscape and climate of the country, to the monotony of the forest lands, and to the wide, dreary plains, now frozen and now sun-baked. The fact is, however, that the Russian is one of the most cheerful of mortals, easily moved to mirth, and unwilling to depart from it; nor is there any reason to believe his cheerfulness to be a modern development. The general character of a nation and the character of its national music, have really but little relation; the causes which lead to the formation of a national style being both numerous and complex in their working.—St. James' Gazette.

### LOVE WAKES MEN.

An idle poet, here and there, Looks round him; but, for all the rest, The world unfathomably fair, Is duller than a wittling's jest. Love wakes men, once a lifetime each; They lift their heavy lids and look, And lo! what one sweet page can teach, They read with joy, then shut the book, And some give thanks, and some blasphemers.

And most forget; but, either way, That and the child's unheeded dream Is all the light of all their day.

—Coventry Patmore.

### Increased Size of Skull.

A Bombay physician asserts that a gradual increase in the size of the skull among the natives of India is taking place, which change he ascribes to the effect of civilization.